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low-stairs) is the exhibit of Roman and Phœnician glass from that island, with its fairy-like iridescence—a collection superior to any of ancient glass in the world, and before which that vaunted one especially of Pompeii glass at Naples incontinently hides its diminished head.

The porcelains bought from Mr. Avery have never looked so well as they now do in the liberal light streaming in from the park. The only characteristic of



the collection that is unsuitable to the purposes of a museum is the limited and unsatisfactory size of all the pieces. One would never think that this is the ceramics of a nation that builds temples of porcelain, and jars in which human prisoners are confined; however numerous, the Avery collection is a cupboard collection.

We have left ourselves but a pinched space to speak of the gallery of paintings, important as it is. Here is the collection acquired by Mr. Blodgett for the museum on its first formation, composed of two important Belgian cabinets of pictures. The canvases are of the fine old Dutch and Flemish schools, and, though they have been scoffed at by American newspaper critics, they are admirable specimens, assured by the opinions of celebrated experts. The two grand Rubenses, one an animal subject of which the counterpart has lately been etched in "L'Art," the Diogenes by Crayer, the luscious river views by Van Goyen, the noble still life by Velasquez, and especially the magnificent "Hille Bobbe" by Franz Hals and "Burgomaster" by Van der Helst, with the masterly "St. Martha" by Vanduyck, would be considered pearls in any gallery of Europe. Add to these such valuable loans as the almost incontrovertible Tintoretto, belonging to Mr. Walter Brown's estate, and the "Salome," which, except in the burly awkward drapery, has all the style of a replica of the Leonardo at Florence, and enough is provided in the way of old masters to raise our special wonder.

Artists are just at present raving over a painter of the decadence, as a new discovery. Tiepolo, it is now maintained, had much of the charm and style of Veronese, with a grace of his own which connects him with Boucher and Fragonard; the superb "Debarcation of Cleopatra" at the Labbia Palace in Venice is especially pointed out as worthy of the great Venetian period. There are three excellent Tiepolos now at the museum—a large ceiling decoration, with a "Last Judgment," the Virgin interceding, and a particular saint being handed up to glory in high triumph; a "Sacrifice of Abraham," and a "Triumph of Ferdinand III."—the whole forming an unexpectedly adequate representation of a master whom every painter wants now to study.

Among the modern art, the pictures left by the late Boston painter, Mr. Hunt, form the most interesting show. Nothing better in the way of pseudo-Couture has been done or will be done in any country. Pseudo-Couture it unquestionably is, and the back of the neck of a half-nude figure here is identical in treatment with the Couture head in an adjacent room, and with many another Couture existing. It is a pity that the artist's later master, Millet, could not have a little influenced that sliding buttery style so imprinted upon the style of the "Décadence Romaine." We have here, among the Hunts, such conspicuous things as the two Niaga-

ras, one of the Marguerites, the portrait of his wife, and two heads of himself, and that of Sumner.

The rooms principally devoted to eclectic modern work have been arranged by a capable committee of artists in distinct challenge to contemporary European painting. We cannot conceal our gratification and pride at the admirable showing made by our native work. Arranged in distinct competition, it forces down much of the foreign painting by its sincerity of tone, purity of color, and excellence of "qualité." Nor is the European selection purposely chosen for its vulgarity or commercial flashiness; it includes such things as Delaroche's large "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," and Knaus's "Holy Family;" with a figure (clothed for a wonder) by Lefebvre, and a fair specimen by Jacquet, and, of course, a Pinchart and a Spanish-Roman scene of puppets dancing before the Neapolitan court. The European pictures look terribly shoppy, most of them. The Jacquet and Lefebvre, and Bouguereau's child, seem waxy beside the more unctuous flesh-painting, in the same scale, of William Hunt, and the proud Munich glitter of Chase's gypsy girl. Quartley's marine, despite a slightly confused scheme of colors, beats down by pure luminousness the landscape or river views of the French. Eastman Johnson's "Corn-huskers" has much of the rich sweetness of a Decamps. Why, by the way, is Shirlaw's "Sheep Shearers" absent? Homer's "Confederate Prisoners" is gaining in beauty year by year, and is richer in color, tone, and air than any European out-of-doors group present. How ineffably mean, for example, looks near it Erskine Nichol's terra-cotta-faced boy and the chalky wall behind him! Church's fan-palms and bananas are hung beside a Koekkoek, with a marvellous correspondence of quality and method. Eakins's masterpiece, the "Chess-players," is hung between a "real" Meissonier and a "real" Zamacois. Though voluntarily low in tone, it is obviously and decidedly superior to either. It has a deep and wizard-like power of making a harmony out of the most horrible scroll-sawn and wholesale warehouse furniture; a twilight of poetry and feeling envelops it, out of which emerge three heads as solid, real, and well characterized as were ever done, one handsome and noble, one sly and miser-like, the third the Cavour-like "bourgeoisie" of a foreign professor. Out of the very burgher-like and commonplace every-day air of these characters the painter has managed to construct an art-symphony of the greatest elevation and purity. On the whole, this is decidedly, and without a doubt's shadow, the best representation of American art ever brought together.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

COPYISTS AT THE LOUVRE.

PARIS, April 2, 1880.

THE visitor to the Louvre is sure to find a host of copyists scattered up and down the long gallery, and



here and there in the other rooms. Circles of satellites are gathered around certain of the most popular and salable pictures—such as the sentimental "Cruche Cassée" of Greuze, or the conscious-looking portraits of Madame Le Brun. These copyists are of both sexes and of all ages, from the white-haired old man of

seventy, M. Duval, who haunts the galleries every afternoon seeking to sell to some tourist the canvas on his easel, representing the vista of one of the galleries with all its shining cases and artistic decorations—a picture that he has painted and sold scores of times—to the young girl of fifteen, who is copying some oil bit in water-color for a birthday gift to her mamma. Most of the copyists are familiar figures, as well known to the cocked-hatted guards and the habitués of the galleries as the pictures on the walls, having worked here for months, even years, with no better prospect before them than to keep on working here as long as they shall live. Now and then among the younger and prettier of the lady artists, or those who have some striking or easily-caricatured peculiarity of person, dress, or work, one will be discovered to look very uneasy, and to wriggle on her tall stool or abandon it entirely for a while, as she strolls away into another room. Then it may be discovered that some guileless and innocent-looking creature near her, pretending to study the Perugino over her head or the Botticelli opposite, has been slyly sketching her with fiendish intent to bring her out next week as natural as life, if less large, in some one of the illustrated journals, it being latterly a very popular thing to "do" the Louvre for the picture papers. So far is this carried, that it is not at all improbable that



while Alphonse catches a victim for his paper, somebody else is slyly catching him for another. The accompanying pictures from "L'Art" are good examples of these sketches.

Many of the copyists are shabby, some even poverty-stricken; few are thoroughly well-dressed. To be well-dressed is considered the mark of the "transients," who work only a few days at a time, at intervals, who are evidently not thus earning their living, and who are often students in some atelier or amateurs who copy a painting only because they admire it. Some of the professional copyists are painting, on porcelain, miniature landscapes and cattle by Cuypp or Watteau, and the quaint interiors of the Holland school. These are decorators of china, working by the day at stated wages. They almost all wear spectacles, and are bowed over their work in a melancholy way that suggests the breaking of bruised reeds, by eye-destroying, back-breaking labor, scantily paid.

Among the easels are two, usually either deserted or surrounded by a chattering group of students. These two easels belong to two French girls, whom the author of "The American" must certainly have taken for his model of Noémie Nioche. Every morning these girls come to the gallery, bring out their easels, as if to a flourish of trumpets, from the closet where the Louvre easels are kept when not in use, and set them up before some picture. Then they add an atrocious daub or two to execrable daubs of other days, dawdle listlessly awhile till the gallery grows fuller of people, then start off to dart hither and yon all day, coquetting with the best-looking of the young guards, pretending to go for water, to seek a tube of color—really availing themselves of every possible excuse to keep themselves largely in the eyes of the public. To other copyists, whose time is money and whose lost minutes represent abbreviated dinners and void suppers, such reckless waste of time is harrowing, and many visitors to the Louvre who have noticed those giddy young women will also remember

to have noticed the scowls that follow their idle meanderings. There is another noticeable copyist—one with a bunch of red hair around her face, like the halo about a mediæval Madonna. She is generally quarrelling with the guards, or else proclaiming nasally to some one of her travelling countrymen: "You see I've got converted to be a Catholic sence I came to Yoorup, and I'm doing this Magdalen for the Catholic church in our town!" This "Magdalen" is the large, gloomy picture of "Melancholy" that hangs upon the right wall of the long gallery. It is a little curious that this same picture has been copied more than once, twice, or even three times, within the last two years, by Americans who had not the slightest suspicion that the sour-looking woman with the skull was other than the beautiful sinner to whom so much was forgiven.

Some of the other workers, although these latter are oftener to be found downstairs before some famous bit of antique statuary, are learners, who draw so many hours of the day, and whose work is visited and corrected once or twice a week by some of the great French artists, who engage to make a round among their students on certain days. This is a more economical method of study for women than to be enrolled among the students at any of the ateliers where the living model is posed, and for beginners is perhaps not less profitable.

Every facility is given by the French Government to persons who wish to make copies, and in this respect it shows far more consideration to the working-class than do the managers of the South Kensington and National Galleries in London. In these latter artists are allowed to set up their easels only three days of the week, these

notices to that effect are posted all over the building. Whenever a copy is finished, however, it is obligatory upon the copyist to secure the signature or number of some guard upon it before it is allowed to pass the gigantic Swiss who stands guard at the only exit by which canvases are allowed to pass to the outer world,



and whether that number or signature is accompanied with a smile or not depends upon whether a sly "tip" finds an expectant palm. Very many of these copyists never copy an entire picture unless they are happy enough to have an order to do so in advance. Usually they take bits out of large pictures, it being easier to sell small canvases than large ones. One will paint only the Virgin's head out of one of Botticelli's Holy Families, or the Christ-child out of a Leonardo, or Elizabeth's strong-lined face out of some famous Visitation. Another will make a dainty little scene of a stream of white radiance over moonlit water, from one of Verne's canvases, or a mellow golden vista of sea and sky from some of Claude's stately architectural views. Another will paint one figure from Rubens's Medicean panels, a rustic cottage from a woodland view by Hobema, or a sylvan glimpse out of a fête-champêtre by Watteau.

Certain of the pictures of the Louvre have such a wide literary as well as artistic renown, that a wise discretion is called in play to prevent the interest of the general public with regard to them being sacrificed to that of the copyists. Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" is one of these world-famous pictures toward which the cultivated sightseer first makes his way, and before which he longest lingers. Likewise is it one good copies of which bring the largest price, so seldom is it that inferior painters can catch the subtle fascination of that alluring face upon their own canvases. To prevent, therefore, an inconvenient crowd of copyists from thrusting themselves between smiling Mona Lisa and her admirers, the rule is made that but two persons shall



paint from her at the same time. Consequently these places are so much in demand, that they have been known to be engaged two years in advance, although it is not uncommon to see that pale, heavy-browed, sinister, unbeautifully magnetic face with not an easel before it. Once I saw a lady painting there whose dress was

so curious that I will try to sketch it here. The wearer was slight and pale, and about twenty-seven years of age. Her appearance was remarkably elegant, provided one saw her at the distance from which you view one of Turner's later landscapes. Her dress was made in the best mode of a year or two before, and it was evident that she sat down in it tenderly lest her knees should come through the thin front-breadths. In that elegant "tieback" a feminine eye could see countless slits and holes so dexterously "restored" by bits of an adhesive material, that the imposing garment was really scarcely more than a glaze of black silk over a body of black court-plaster. Where the cowardly seams had cried was more than one squeeze of black paint "loaded," after the Munich manner of handling, upon the betraying line. Her necktie was handsome and showy, six paces away seeming heavily embroidered with daisies, but, nearer known, it proved to be a strip of black silk cleverly painted with "blanc d'argent." Collar and cuffs were just the reverse, being white paper prettily embroidered with leaves and sprigs in ivory black.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

Private Galleries.*

COLLECTION OF THOMAS G. APPLETON.

OUR country is becoming happily fertile in art-husbandmen—men who, by a constant application of the means by which genius is educated, deserve some of the fame of the genius which is partly their creation. In a government where every man is a sovereign, Duke



Lorenzo the Magnificent is always a possibility. Mr. Appleton, of Boston, has done something toward providing a garden like the Medicean one of old, where the instruction in matters of taste is a free privilege for any willing mind, and in whose sheltered beds and alleys the young art-idea is taught to shoot. The enumeration of his acts of liberality in this kind is restrained on our part by a timely recollection that any notice of them would be supremely distasteful to himself. But it is not improper to mention that his liberality is not confined to the bounds of any one city; that he was behind the scenes in the successful project of securing for the New York Museum the two Belgian collections of old masters which form the nucleus of its gallery. These worthy cabinets of pictures were quite fit for a beginning—it is too early in American acquisition for us to expect to get at a jump the material for a "salon carré," or parure of matchless pearls. The creditable feature in Mr. Appleton's advocacy was that he acted not as a Bostonian, but as an American, and was quite willing to merge the claims of his own city in favor of what he felt to be the broader capabilities, greater publicity, and larger power for good of the metropolitan position. The generous patron's reminiscences are full of odd particulars connected with the acquisition of these treasures, and when he is in a conversational mood he will unfold the strangest tale of the difficulties and adventures through which the pictures were finally secured. Messrs. Tweed and Sweeny, of unsavory fame, were quite willing to whitewash their reputations by a sudden immersion of themselves in the stream of

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days being popularly known as "students' days," to distinguish them from the other three which are called "people's days"—that is, days available only for visitors, not workers. The Louvre is open to workers every day of the week—save Sundays, which is the French fête day, when the galleries are crowded with workmen and their families; and Mondays, when the whole palace is closed for cleaning. It is in consequence of this hebdomadal cleaning that Tuesday is always such an amusing day, full of laughable incidents and contretemps, a scene of skating over the fearfully and wonderfully slippery floors, of wild clutching at each other's raiment of ground and lofty tumbling that needs to be seen to be appreciated.

To copy in the Louvre one needs only to present one's self at the office of the Secretary in the same palace and ask permission, which is readily accorded by means of a printed paper good for all the galleries—the Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles, and St. Germain—for a year. Easels are provided by the administration and kept in the galleries under charge of the guards, who, when the closing hour comes, either carry them away into adjoining closets, or, if very large, stow them away against the wall-railing till the next day. Each copyist is required to bring a bit of oil-cloth four feet square, with which to protect his or her immediate space of glistening waxed floor from daubs of paint or scatterings of crayon; but even this is not essential, so many copyists leaving their "tapis" when their work is done, that the guards have accumulated a store of them ready to lend to any new-comer who asks for one with a pleasant enough smile, or a nimble enough half-franc. The guards are popularly supposed to receive no "tips," and